Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I
behind an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald
man, I have namde him oft.

Thai. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare *Thaisa*, this is h
now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possi
preserved? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this gr
miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom t
gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolve y

Per. Reverent Sir the gods can have no mortall officer m
like a god than you, will you diliver how this dead Queene
lives?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me unto m
house, where shall be showne you all was found with her, ho
she came plac'st here in the temple, no needfull thing omitte

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer nig
oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire betrothed o
your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this orna-
ment that makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, an
what this foureteene yeares no razor toucht, to grace thy mar-
riage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's
dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him yet there my Queene, weele
celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that Kingdome
spend our following dayes; our son and daughter shall in *Tyre*
raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust, the true and just reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heaven, and crownd with joy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty:
In reverend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the City turne,
That him and his they in his Palace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ev ermore attending,
New joy waite on you, here our play hath ending.

FINIS.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND